



DAVID BYRNE
& BRIAN ENO
EVERYTHING
THAT HAPPENS
WILL HAPPEN
TODAY

HOME

The dimming of the light makes the picture clearer
It's just an old photograph
There's nothing to hide
when the world was just beginning

I memorized a face so it's not forgotten
I hear the wind whistlin'
Come back anytime
And we'll mix our lives together
Heaven knows- what keeps mankind alive
Ev'ry hand- goes searching for its partner
In crime- under chairs and behind tables
Connecting- to places we have known

(I'm looking for a)
Home- where the wheels are turning
Home- why I keep returning
Home- where my world is breaking in two

Home- with the neighbors fighting
Home- always so exciting
Home- were my parents telling the truth?

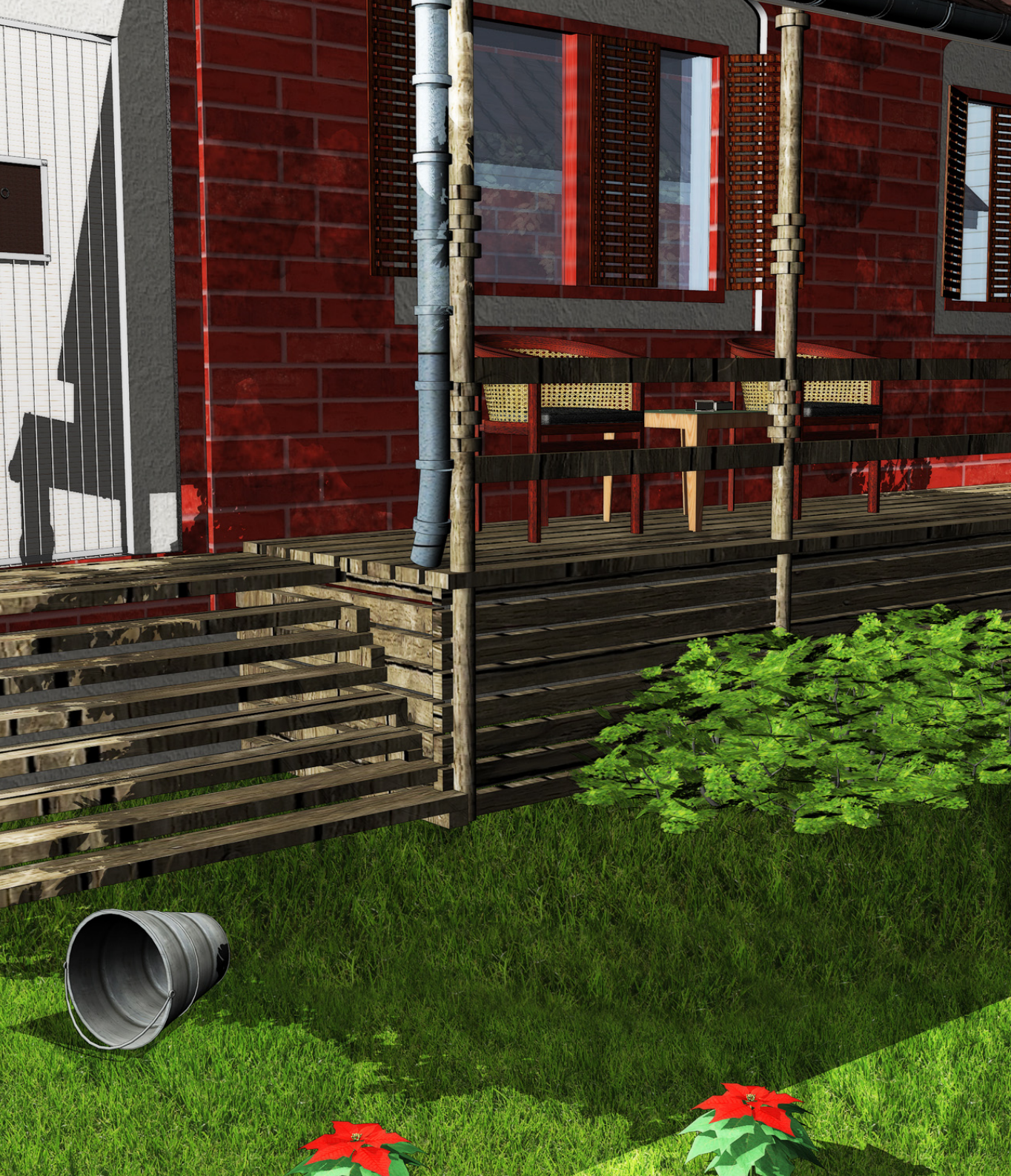
Home – such a funny feeling
Home – no-one ever speaking
Home- with our bodies touching
Home- and the cam'ras watching
Home- will infect what ever you do
We're Home- comes to life from outa the blue

Tiny little boats on a beach at sunset
I took a drink from a jar
& into my head
familiar smells and flavors

Vehicles are stuck on the plains of heaven
I see their wheels spinning round
& ev'rywhere
I can hear those people saying

That the eye- is the measure of the man
You can fly- from the stuff that still surrounds you
We're home- and the band keeps marchin' on
Connecting- to ev'ry living soul
Compassion- for things I'll never know





MY BIG NURSE

When the lake's on fire
With all the world's desires
When he shakes the stars above
When we lose the ones we love

When the seasons lose their grip
When the tighrope walker slips

I'm counting all the possibilities

When the past becomes the now
When the lost becomes the found
When we fall in love with war
When the angel fucks the whore

When the road we travel on
Takes us back where we came from

I'm counting all the possibilities
For dancing on this lazy afternoon

In the comfort of the world
In the arms of my big nurse
From the science of the heart
To each animal and plant

Compact, relaxed- intact, give thanks

I'm counting all the possibilities
For dancing on this lazy afternoon

I FEEL MY STUFF

I think I waited too long
I'm moving into the dollhouse
Some days we exercise
Some days we harmonize
Look away, look away, look away- oh yeah

Emily said she'd suddenly waken
Look at that guy with the government coupon
Yoo hoo, yoo hoo, gonna get you
Japanese chairs in somebody's concert
Telephone bills on the company paycheck
Who knew?, who knew?, I do

Emily lost her mobile phone
Last nights dance on a bumpy road
I won't go out in the cold
Lebanese Chinese in my school
Imagine who can make you cool
Who's gonna pay for this call?

The cheapest dog, the hottest sun, the fiercest cat
& the meanest gun
You got to hold the peelings in your hands, baby
It's a safety belt, it's a Christian crime, a rocket
ship, it's a joke of mine
I took away the day that I'd be gone- shoot!

Lebanese take their sailors home
The broken stuff in the outer wall
I'm sticking out in the road
Memorize toilets, Chang Mai School
I like my song but I lost my cool
I need my laser, don't move

Put him in the ground where the Duchess grows
Where the word is true and the girls are strong
Gonna stuff it, step it, pick it, going bye
Take another life of a wretched soul
When they get too high where the bushes grow
& They rope it, squeeze it, push it side to side

The chicken shack, the rising sun, the written word
in a foreign tongue
You got to hold it all before it drops, baby
It's a little bit, it's a lot inside, it's a bigger thing
than YOU can hide
I took away the parts that need controlling

Hooligans jump in the budget sign
In the tropic zone, where the fix is fine
Gonna chase it, place it, face it with my eye
Stinky little bird in a dirty tree
Gonna figure out it's your lucky day
If ya smell it, sell it, tell it to my ear

Lowered in the ground where the Duchess grows
Where the word is true and the girls are strong
Gonna stuff it, step it, pick it, going bye
Take another life of a wretched soul
If they get too high where the bushes grow
& They rope it, squeeze it, push it side to side

(I'm sayin') I feel my stuff
I get enough
I come back to be stronger
I feel my stuff
I changed my luck
I come back to be stronger





EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS

I ride on a perfect freeway
Many people on that road
I heard the sound of someone laughing
I saw my neighbors car explode
Just up ahead
Against the sky
Quicker than you blink your eye

Oh my brother, I still wonder, are you alright?
And among the living, we are giving, all through the night

From the milk of human kindness
From the breast we all partake
Hungry for a social contract
She welcomes you with dark embrace

(puts)
socks and shoes
Upon our feet
Little fishes swim upstream

Oh my brother, I still wonder, are you alright?
In the deepest silence, gold and diamonds, all through the
night

Everything that happens will happen today
& nothing has changed, but nothing's the same
and ev'ry tomorrow could be yesterday
&and ev'rything that happens will happen today

ev'rything that happens will happen today
and nothing has changed but nothing's the same
& ev'ry tomorrow could be yesterday
and ev'rything that happens could happen today

LIFE IS LONG

Ev'rybody says that the living is easy
I can barely see 'cause my head's in the way
Tigers walk behind me- they are to remind me that
I'm lost- but I'm not afraid

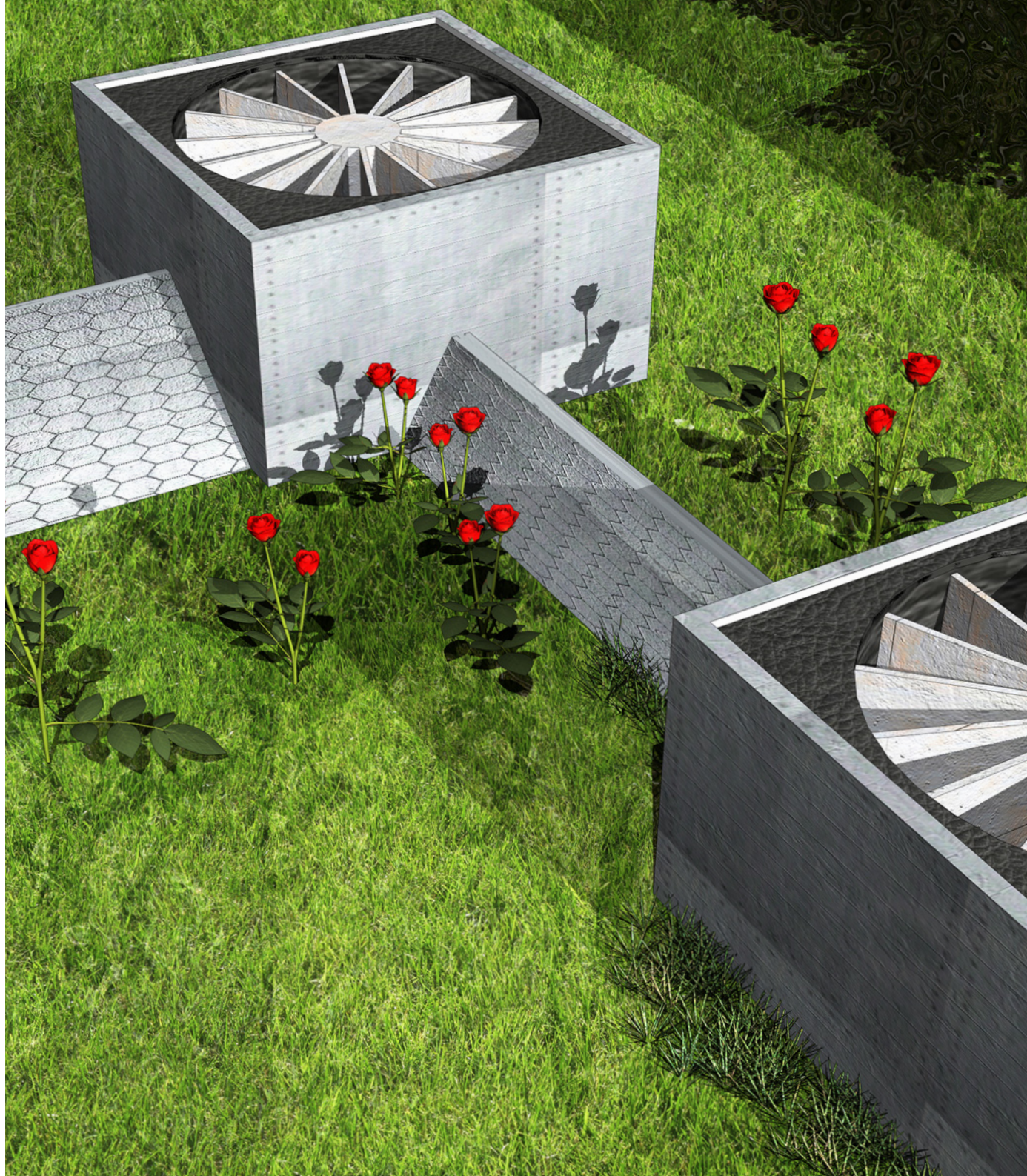
Soul to soul- A kiss and a sigh
Sawed in half- by the passage of time
Halfway home- from a window you see
Chains and bars- but I am still free

People on the outside- I remember sweet times
This old rose- is always in bloom
Ev'ryone is happy- to be a baby daddy
Stone love- with nothing to lose

Life is long- if you give it way
So stay, don't go- 'cause I'm fading away
Soul to soul- between you and me
Chain me down- but I am still free

Now I can say- those three little words
And ev'ry day- I'm dreaming a world
Soul to soul- a kiss and a sigh
Holding back- the waters outside.

Life is long- if you give it way
So stay, don't go- 'cause I'm fading away
Soul to soul- between you and me
Chain me down- but I am still free





THE RIVER

I'm standing on the stage
I'm working in a restaurant
I make a decent wage- and I-
Will sing into the microphone

The river rise up
& flows above the interstate
beyond the schools and shops-
there's no way to communicate

The water's moving on
Beyond the lies and hypocrites
I'm thinking of a song
I need you to remember it
The forest is alive
It asks us to participate
We lifted up our eyes
To promise and reciprocate

We fell down on our knees
For ev'ry human being---
One sad day I will fly away
And one sad day I will tip toe away

Oooh

But a change is gonna come
Like Sam Cooke sang in 63
The river sings a song- to me-
On ev'ry St Cecilia's day

So when I was reborn
I went back to the restaurant
The river's moving on- from here-
To sing it's crazy symphony
I'll go home- where you are right in front of me.

STRANGE OVERTONES

I wake up ev'ry morning
I hear your feet on the stairs
You're in the next apartment
I hear you singing over there--

This groove is out of fashion
These beats are 20 years old
I saw you lend a hand to
The one's out standing in the cold--

Strange Overtones
In the music you are playing
I'll harmonize
It is strong and you are tough
But a heart is not enough-

Put on your socks and mittens
It's getting colder tonight
A snowball in my kitchen
I watched it melt before my eyes--

Your song still needs a chorus
I know you'll figure it out
The rising of the verses
A change of key will let you out--

Strange overtones
Though they're slightly out of fashion
I'll harmonize
I see the music in your face
That your words cannot explain

Strange Overtones
In the music you are playing
We're not alone
It is strong and you are tough
But a heart is not enough--





WANTED FOR LIFE

Fill the suitcase up- did he stiff somebody?
Will he testify?- if you say you're sorry

Grown men laugh when they heard that lie
10 to 12- gonna hang them high
wanted for life
Hu hu- I'm wanted for life

Ran outside
The buildings dropped
Now he stole the crown
Do the buggers never stop?
Said- wait a minute pop
Hoo Hey-Wait a minute pop

Now upon this earth
We stand on dirt
Well I Got tore down
But I'm still standing up
Ev'ry little drop
(I'm thankful for) ev'ry little drop

Torn and Frayed
Even though it's full a holes
Get cha where ya wanna go
Get cha where ya wanna go

Even though you're smarter than me
I'll write your autobiography
I'm using all the words up
I got my grammar in the 5 and dime
I'm givin' all the words up
Now I know the words are mine

If ya close your eyes- do ya picture money?
Did he change his mind? Does it keep you runnin'?

The blind men sing
The girls gone wild

The statute's clear
And they emphasized
wanted for life
hoo hoo I'm wanted for life

So, Swing that stick
Throw that rock
Inch by inch
Goin step by step
Yeah- wait a minute pop
Wait a minute pop

Now Upon this earth
We stand on dirt
We got torn down
But I'm still standing up
Every little drop
(I'm thankful for) ev'ry little drop

Torn and frayed
My testimony's full of holes
Get me where I wanna go
Get cha where ya wanna go

Pardon me sir
I don't live here no more
But see that's the way it goes
I'm moving on a gravel road

Pardon me sir
I don't live here no more
Maybe that's the way it goes
I guess that that's the way it goes

Pardon me sir
I don't live here no more
I'm moving on a gravel road
Maybe that's the way it goes

ONE FINE DAY

Saw the wandrin' eye- inside my heart
Shouts and battle cries- from ev'ry part
I can see those tears- ev'ry one is true
When the door appears- I'll go right through---oooh

I stand in liquid light- like ev'ryone
I built my life with rhymes- to carry on
And it gives me hope- to see you there
The things I used to know- that one fine

| One fine day
| One fine day

In a small dark room- where I will wait
Face to face I find- I contemplate
Even though a man- is made of clay
Ev'rything can change- one fine-

| One Fine Day etc

Then before my eyes- Is standing still
I beheld it there- a city on a hill
I complete my tasks- one by one
I remove my masks- when I am done

Then a piece of mind- fell over me
In these troubled times- I still can see
We can use the stars – to guide the way
It is not that far- one fine....

| One fine day
| One fine day etc





POOR BOY

A truck parked this morning- outside the groc'ry store
Friends face the future- they're wearin' summer clothes

Great cosmic forces- like fallin' dominoes
I love talking funny- it's the only song I know

(horns)
Sweet smart and sexy- the day my life began
Burnt out and damaged- I dragged my body home

This slice is runny- it's dripping down my clothes
Flies stick to honey- it's the only game they know

Chant 1:
Poor Boy-I walk into the river in my hat and shoes
Poor Boy-I'm sittin at the table with a knife and spoon

Life fast die happy- don't let your panties show
I trust market forces- it's the only song I know

Bridge:
So come and rock my soul- where sin and sorry lie
White horses carry me- unto the other side

Chant 2:
Poor Boy-I'm livin in a country where my thoughts are cold
Poor Boy-I'm waitin for the harvest of the seeds I sow

Bridge 2:
a flower in the night- with thoughts of days gone
I've got to ring that bell- and I'll be satisfied

Chant 3:
Poor Boy- I'm wearin silver slippers and a long white gown
Poor boy- I picture un my mind the day the walls come down

Chant 4?:
Poor Boy- I'm livn in a country where I'm never free
Poor Boy- I'm writing down the names of all the things I see-

THE LIGHTHOUSE

I'll build a house- of water
I'm searching high- and low
Underneath the waves
Where they hit the rocky shore
Out by the lighthouse

Heard nature say
"I'm sorry-
for stones and trees down below
for those who tumble in Gods name
to an early grave
into the sea and foam
like ships tossed in a storm"
and I'm standing all alone
out by the lighthouse

I'll build a house- of paper
Covered with words I can read
She had to teach me what to say
And every year we stayed
Out by the lighthouse

I'll build a house- so level
With 7 walls- long and true
The day we raised that roof up high
Unto the fading light
We sang the whole night through
& no one needed proof
& I could see the moon
out by the lighthouse



A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO

I passed through London and, having reconnected with Brian Eno during the Bush of Ghosts re-release, I popped round his office/studio to hear what he'd been working on. Just before parting, I recall Brian mentioning that he had accumulated a large number of instrumental tracks. Since Brian, in his own words, "hates writing words," I suggested having a go at some lyrics and melodies for a few tracks, and we'd take it from there. If Brian wasn't pleased with the initial results, then, well that would be that.

Back in New York, Brian sent me a CD with some instrumentals stereo rough mixes to be precise and I listened to them on and off, trying to get a sense for the story the music was trying to tell. The tracks weren't ambient, as one might expect, and I sensed a song structure might emerge from these very evocative seeds. Emergence is a popular term these days, but it does almost perfectly evoke how musicians and songwriters cultivate the latent undertones of a basic musical kernel into something only hinted at in the song's humble beginnings. And thus, writers and musicians are often quoted as saying they feel only partially responsible for the creation of the works they've grown and nurtured.

After living with some of his music for almost a year, I eventually wrote back to Brian. I told him the tracks inspired a sort of folk-electronic-gospel feeling, and suggested that my words

and tunes might reflect this, and did that direction seem OK? I attacked the first song, which I think Brian had called "And Suddenly." I'd just finished reading Dave Eggers's book *What is the What?*, about a young man named Valentine and his hallucinatory and horrific journey from his destroyed village in Darfur to Atlanta, Georgia and beyond. Valentine's story was harrowing but also beautiful, uplifting (in a un-corny way), and at times even funny. I think I may have been under the spell of his story when I sat down in front of my microphone.

The result is "One Fine Day." I sang a few harmonies in the choruses to make it sound fuller and better and sent it off to Brian.

We were both thrilled: the gospel-folk-electronic seed had sprung to life, fully articulated here in this song. The words had some Biblical allusions, but nothing too overt. We agreed to continue, for the time being at least.

In the coming months, I produced an event about bicycles for The New Yorker Festival at Town Hall, to which I invited the Young at Heart Chorus to sing Queen's "Bicycle Race." For our encore we did "One Fine Day," which has an added resonance when performed by a choir with an average age of 80 years.

I wrote and recorded some more, completing "My Big Nurse" and "Life Is Long" next. It soon became apparent that we were not only happy with the results, but had found our path and

would continue to follow it. We agreed on a fairly clear division of labor: music, Brian, vocals and lyrics, me.

The foundations of some of the tracks are much like those of traditional folk, country, or gospel songs before these styles became harmonically sophisticated. Brian's chord structures were unlike anything I would have chosen myself, so I was pushed in a new direction, asked to face the unfamiliar, and this, of course, was a good thing. The challenge was more emotional than technical: to write simple, heartfelt tunes without drawing on cliché. The results, in many cases, are uplifting, hopeful, and positive, even though some lyrics describe cars exploding, war, and similarly dark scenarios.

These songs have elements of our previous work no surprise there but something new has emerged here as well. Where does the sanguine and heartening tone come from, particularly in these troubled times? As I hinted at above, some of my lyrics and melodies were a response to what I sensed lay buried in the music. My task was to bring forth into language what was originally non-verbal. In the end, we have made something together that neither of us could have made on our own.

DB
Hell's Kitchen, NYC

THIS RECORD WAS BORN AS A

dinner conversation. While dining in New York with David and some other friends, I mentioned that I had accumulated a lot of music, which, despite my intentions, I had never formed into songs. David volunteered to give them a try. By and large, we stuck to our separate territories: I worked on the instrumentals, and he generally focused on the lyrics and vocals. This arrangement seemed to work well.

Upon starting this project, we quickly realized we were making something like electronic gospel, music in which singing becomes the central event, but whose sonic landscapes are atypical of such vocal-centered tracks. This notion tapped into my long love affair with gospel music, which, curiously, was inadvertently initiated by David and the Talking Heads.

“Surrender to His Will,” by Reverend Maceo Woods and The Christian Tabernacle Choir, was the first gospel song I ever really responded to. I heard it on a distant South American radio station whilst in Compass Point, Nassau, working with Talking Heads on the album *More Songs about Buildings and Food*. Spending time with them, and becoming aware of their musical interests, opened my ears to genres and styles I hadn’t really noticed up to that point, including gospel. So, it’s fitting that the circle should close with this record.

As a foreigner in New York — where I ended up shortly after recording *More Songs* — I was surprised by how little attention Americans gave to their own great indigenous music. It was even slightly uncool, as though the endorsement of

gospel necessarily implied support of its associated religious framework. Thanks to Reverend Woods however, I began to see gospel music as conveying the act of surrender more than the act of worship; and this, of course, intrigued me, and has informed my music ever since. Perhaps it’s the reason I use modes and chords that are easy to follow and harmonize with. I want music to be inviting, to offer the listener a place inside it. I think David responded to this with sensitivity and skill, and his natural edginess made those familiar progressions sound new to me once again.

Brian Eno
London



David Byrne & Brian Eno

Everything That Happens Will Happen Today

Produced by Brian Eno & David Byrne

Additional production by Leo Abrahams

All songs written by Brian Eno & David Byrne

Brian is published by Opal Music, London (PRS), except in N.

America & Canada by Upala Music, Inc (BMI)

David is published by Moldy Fig Music, Inc (BMI)

“Strange Overtones” co-written by Leo Abrahams / Peacefrog (ASCAP)

All songs mixed by Patrick Dilleat at Kampo Studios, NYC

Brian and David’s stuff was recorded at their home studios.

All drums recorded by Leo Abrahams and Cherif Hashizume at Cafe Music Studios — except “My Big Nurse”, “Never Thought”, “The Painting” and “Life” recorded by Robert Harder at Harder Sound

Live brass and percussion recorded by Patrick Dilleat at Kampo Studios, NYC

Mastered by Greg Calbi at Sterling Sound, NYC

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www.everythingthathappens.com

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Home

David — vocals, guitar solo

Brian — bass, backing vocals, electric drums, kaoss pad, keyboards, guitars

Leo — acoustic guitars, percussion

Seb Rochford — live drums

My Big Nurse

David — vocals

Brian — bass, organ, steinberg virtual guitar, electric guitar

Leo — acoustic & electric guitar, piano, percussion

Steve Jones — fast pulls guitar

Seb Rochford — live drums

I Feel My Stuff

David — vocals

Brian — basses, electric drums, inhuman piano, guitar, keys, brass, backing vocals, traps

Leo — guitar, solo guitar

Tim Harries — melody bass

Phil Manzanera — drone guitar

Seb Rochford — live drums

Everything That Happens

David — vocals

Brian — bass, keyboards, water guitars, stellar voice

Leo — piano, coin guitar

Life Is Long

David — vocals

Brian — bass, backing vocals, strings, programming, omnichord piano, guitar

Leo — guitar, upright piano, percussion

Steve Jones — rhythm guitar

Dan Levine, Dave Mann, Barry Danielian, Paul Shapiro — brass

Brass arrangement by Dan Levine

The River

David — vocals

Brian — guitars, bass, keys, backing vocals

Leo — hurdy gurdy, baritone guitar

Mauro Refosco — murky pandeiro, cricket shaker, reco reco, peddler’s rattle

Strange Overtones

David — vocals, rhythm guitar

Brian — backing vocals, organ solo, omnichord, keys,

programming

Leo — guitars, bass, stylophone, programming

Steve Jones — delay guitar

Robert Wyatt — frame drum solo

Seb Rochford — live drums

Mauro Refosco — bongo, conga, tambourine

Wanted For Life

David — vocals

Brian — bass, backing vocals, snout keyboard, guitar, electric drums

Leo — guitars, bass, backing vocals, percussion

Seb Rochford — live drums

Dan Levine, Dave Mann, Barry Danielian, Paul Shapiro — treated brass

One Fine Day

David — vocals

Brian — bass, backing vocals, steinberg virtual guitar, electric guitars, programming

Leo — acoustic guitar, bass

Steve Jones — melody guitar

Seb Rochford — live drums

Mauro Refosco — zabumba, cahon, tamborim, conga, shaker

Poor Boy

David — vocals, guitars

Brian — bass, electric drums, programming, guitars, keyboards, brass

Leo — high bass

Seb Rochford — live drums

The Lighthouse

David — vocals, guitars, ebowed guitars, clavinet, piano, surdu, percussion

Brian — bass, guitar treatments, keys, programming

Leo — bass, thunder guitar

Seb Rochford — live drums

Brian thanks: Jane Geerts, Anthea, Irial Eno and Darla Eno, Peter Chilvers

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